

(exits, trying doors)

MR. WEBB. *(stops right of ladder, sensing someone in window)*
Who's that up there? Is that you, Myrtle?

EMILY. *(pooh-poohing him)* No, it's me, Papa.

MR. WEBB. Why aren't you in bed?

EMILY. I don't know. I just can't sleep yet, Papa. The moonlight's so *won-derful*. And the smell of Mrs. Gibbs' heliotrope. Can you smell it?

MR. WEBB. *(turns to smell, turns back)* Hm...Yes. Haven't any troubles on your mind, have you, Emily?

EMILY. *Troubles, Papa? No.*

MR. WEBB. Well, enjoy yourself, but don't let your mother catch you. Good night, Emily.

EMILY. Good night, Papa.

(MR. WEBB crosses into the house, whistling "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds" and disappears.)

REBECCA. *(when he is off, looking at the moon throughout)*
I never told you about that letter Jane Crofut got from her minister when she was sick. He wrote Jane a letter and on the envelope the address was like this: It said: Jane Crofut; The Crofut Farm; Grover's Corners; Sutton County; New Hampshire; United States of America.

GEORGE. What's funny about that?

REBECCA. *(with increasing awe)* But listen, it's not finished: the United States of America; Continent of North America; Western Hemisphere; the Earth; the Solar System; the Universe; the Mind of God – that's what it said on the envelope.

GEORGE. What do you know!

REBECCA. And the postman brought it just the same.

GEORGE. What do you know!



(Pause. Crickets.)